

It's about Konark... It's about 800 years of history... and 100 years of conservation. 1900 December. Destiny brought Lt.Governor Sir John Woodburn to Konark Sun Temple, which was built by King Narsimha Dev-I and had fallen prey to the vagaries of time. He vowed to restore this 13th century epic-structure.

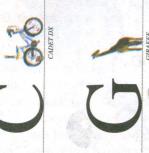
1901 April. Archaeological Surveyor T. Bloch unearthed a richly carved stone wheel now synonymous with Konark, the World Heritage Monument. Executive Engineer Bishan Swarup and his team did the rest. A monumental neglect of centuries stood corrected. Konark Sun Temple, ancient India's gift to humanity. Come, enjoy and experience the magic of Konark.



Calcutta: Utkal Bhavan,55 Lenin Sarani, Pin: 700013, Ph.: (033) 2443653, New Delhi: Utkalika, B/4 Baba Kharak Singh Marg, Pin - 110001, Telefax (011) 3364580



























HERO CYCLES
THE ABC OF CYCLING



Saga of India

21



The Prince who Learnt a Trade

27



Saga of Vishnu

4



A Bait and a Boon

٩

CONTENTS

A Bait and a Boon (New Tales of King Vikram and the Vetala) ... 9

- ★ The Forest Hideout ...15 ★ A Son's Duty...18
- ★The Prince Who Learnt a Trade-2 (An Armenian Story)...27
- ★ Waste Not. Want Not ...30 ★ How Far is the River?
- -By Ruskin Bond...34 ★ Garuda the Invincible-7 (Comics)...39
- ★ Where Did the Missing Sheep go? (A Hodja Story)...48
- ★ A Suitable Bride...50 ★ The Man Behind the
- Painting...54 ★ The Wishful Sculptor ...57
- ★ Saga of India-18 ...21 ★ Saga of Vishnu-14 ...43
- ★ News Flash...6 ★ Born This Month: Shankar...26 Unsolved Mysteries: The Noose That Rejected the

Convict...60 ★ Know Your India-Quiz...62

- ★ Photo Caption Contest...63
- ★Towards Better English...64
- ★ A Pick From Our Mail Bag...65



SUBSCRIPTION

For USA and Canada Single copy \$2 Annual subscription \$20 Remittances in favour of Chandmama India Ltd. to

Subscription Division CHANDAMAMAINDIALIMITED

No. 82, Defence Officers Colony Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097 E-mail: subscription@chandamama.org Within India Rs. 120 by book post Send your remittances by Demand Draft or Money Order favouring 'Chandamama India Limited'

Gift Subscriptions

By Air Mail to all countries

other than India

Twelve issues Rs. 900

For booking space in this magazine please contact:

Chennai

Ph: 044-234 7384 234 7399

e-mail: advertisements@

chandamama.org

Delhi

Mona Bhatia

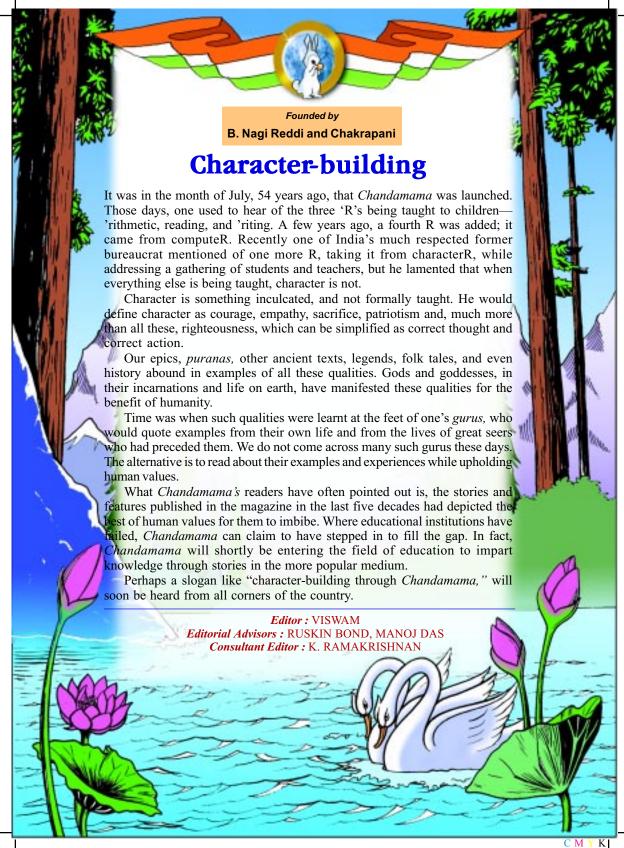
Ph:011-651 5111/ 656 5513/656 5516

Mumbai

Shakeel Mulla

Ph: 022-266 1599/ 266 1946/265 3057

© The stories, articles and designs contained in this issue are the exclusive property of the Publishers; copying or adapting them in any manner/ medium will be dealt with according to law.



NEWS FLASH

Less leaning now

It has taken nearly 10 years to straighten the tilt of the Leaning Tower of Pisa by 40 centimetres (1 foot 4 inches). When the restoration work started, the Tower was 13 ft away from the perpendicular. The lean is now what it was three centuries ago. The Tower had started leaning soon after it was constructed in the seventies of the 12th century. The authorities looking after this monument in Italy, which is one of the nine wonders of the modern world, had suspended visits by tourists in 1990. The Tower will soon be thrown open once again, according to an official announcement made in the first week of April. The admission fee has been fixed at 12 U.S. dollars (nearly Rs. 500).

India honours Gagarin

The world remembers Yuri Gagarin as the first human space traveller. April 12 this year marked the 40th anniversary of the historic flight. India honoured Gagarin by issuing a commemorative postage stamp. To recollect the space adventure, Yuri Gagarin soared into space on board Vostok-1 on April 12, 1961 and orbited around the earth for 108 minutes. Who was once a mere farm boy thus became the first man in space, and his adventure came to be regarded as one of the greatest human achievements in the 20th century.

July 2001



Call him dot com

Instances are many of people wishing for a new name half-way through their life for reasons as varied as a belief in numerology and better identification. For Tomer Krissi, a computer programmer in Jerusalem, it was with a view to making a name for himself, figuratively! He has officially changed his name to tomer.com. Now, do not mistake it for an internet address! The government of Israel has accepted the new name and issued a passport and identification card in that name.





Walking on wings

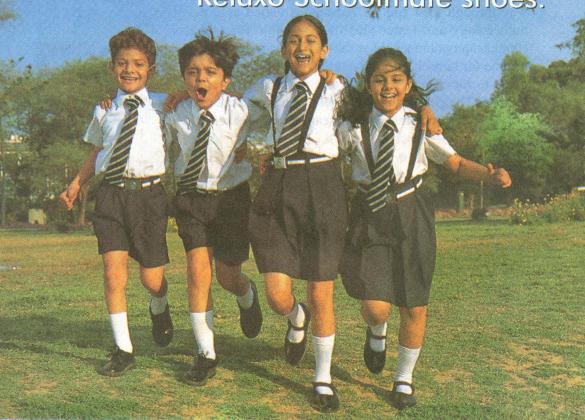
Ten year old Guy Mason, son of the famous U.S drummer Nick Mason of the Pink Floyd group, got on to the wings of a bi-plane during one of its recent flights. Guy thus became the world's youngest wing walker.

'Spiderman' back in Singapore

Alain Robert is from France; the hobby of this daredevil is to climb some of the world's tallest skyscrapers! Last November, he was seen clambering up the 21-storeys (nearly 900 feet) of a bank tower in Singapore, whose police were not amused about with the feat, because he had failed to take their permission! He is back in Singapore and has been looking at Asia's tallest hotel from all sides. Once he sets a date, he will go to the police. What do you think they will tell him? Go ahead?



New class, new books, new friends...
and the world at their feet.
Relaxo Schoolmate shoes



It's that time of the year when kids are looking forward to getting back to school. With new books, new friends and loads of new mischief. Which is why, from the classroom to the playground, Relaxo Schoolmate match their boundless energy, step to step. Strong and durable, these shoes are simply matchless in quality. Relaxo Schoolmate-it is the best your child can get.





Schoolmate 03 (Boys) White, Black Rs. 139.95 to Rs. 239.95 Sizes: 7-10, 11-1, 2-4, 5-7, 8-10 (L)



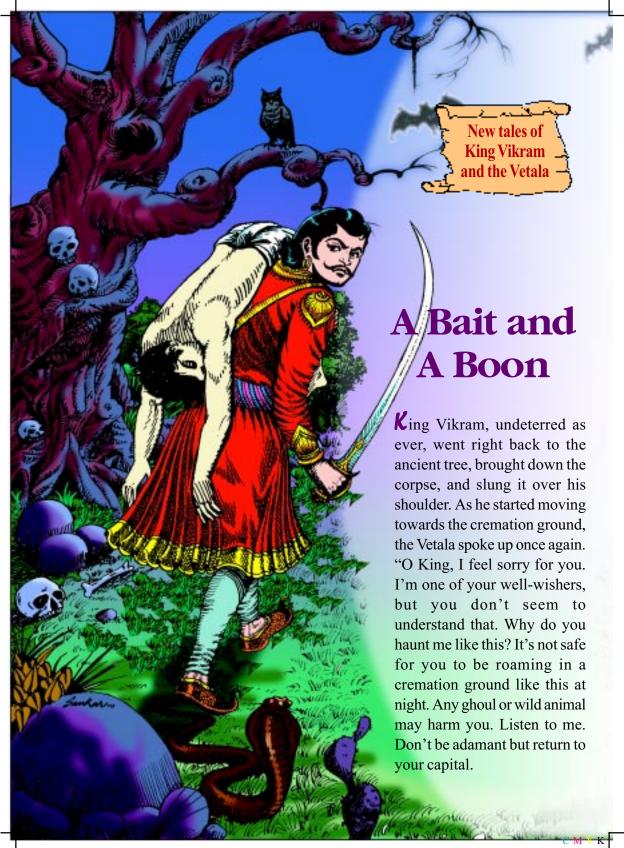
Schoolmate 03 (Girls) White, Black Rs. 139.95 to Rs. 199.95 Sizes: 7-10, 11-1, 2-4, 5-7



Athlete (White, Black, Blue) Rs. 74.95 to Rs. 109.95 Sizes: 6-8 (B), 9-2, 3-5, 6-10

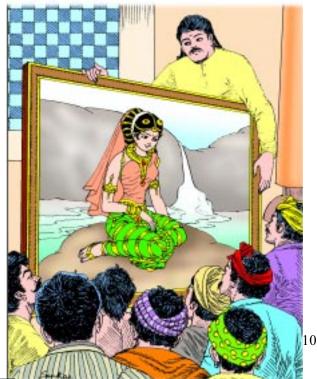


NU Tennis (White, Black) Rs. 67.95 to Rs. 97.95 Sizes:9-2, 3-5, 6-10



"Your travails remind me of Prabodh, who was caught in a similar dilemma as yours. An action that does not harm others and is done to take care of oneself is not selfishness. Because he did not understand this, Prabodh faced problems after problems in life. Listen to his story and decide what would be the extent of your responsibility. I'm sure you'll learn from his life." And the Vetala narrated that story:

Prabodh was an artist who lived in the kingdom of Vaishalini. He was a marvellous artist and painted beautiful pictures. But, for some reason, his paintings did not get the recognition they deserved or any



reward. He earned barely enough to feed his family.

Prabodh felt very bad that on many days his wife and children did not have enough to eat. At the same time he would not change his vocation. He wished to carry on with painting. After a lot of thought, he had an idea. 'Let me create a fabulous painting and take it to the crown prince,' he decided.

So he painted the picture of a beautiful damsel giving it all his skill; it was his best work of art ever. He took it to the capital city of Vaishalini. But try as he might, he could not meet the prince. He was frustrated and felt that he was being chased by bad luck.

That night Prabodh stayed in a lodge. When the other inmates saw his painting, they complimented him heartily. Now Prabodh felt more dejected that he could not meet the prince. Late that night a young and handsome traveller walked into the lodge. He heard the other guests talk about the painting and he was eager to see it, too. Prabodh was only too happy to show it to him.

The young man was charmed by the portrait of the woman. He gazed at it, fascinated, for some time. He also learnt from Prabodh that he had wished to meet the prince and had failed to get an audience.

"You're very talented. Come with

Chandamama

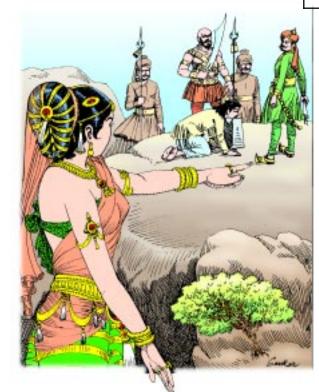
me and I'll take you to the prince," the young man told Prabodh. The artist, with a lot of hope, accepted the invitation and happily accompanied him.

When they reached the palace, the young man asked Prabodh to wait for sometime and went inside. Soon he returned, now looking like a prince. It took some time for Prabodh to realise that the young man who had brought him to the palace was indeed the prince himself.He saluted him and said, "Forgive me, my lord! I didn't recognise you!"

Prince Abhishikt laughed. "I often roam about in disguise to find out how things really are in my kingdom. So you cannot be blamed for not recognising me! Now, as for the painting, I've fallen in love with the woman you have drawn. If you can tell me more about her and her whereabouts, I shall reward you with ten thousand gold coins."

"My lord, I just drew her from my imagination. There's no such woman, actually," exclaimed Prabodh.

But Abhishikt would not accept it. "Prabodh, I can look at a painting and say whether it is drawn from imagination or based on something real. I shall keep whatever you tell me about the woman confidential. Come on, tell me," he insisted.

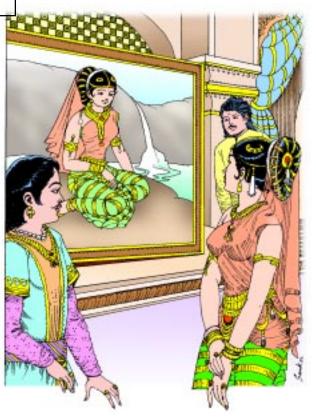


Prabodh was in a dilemma and tried hard to convince the prince. "My lord, I speak the truth. It is all my imagination."

Abhishikt now lost his temper. He called some soldiers and ordered, "Take this fool to the top of the mountain, behead him, and throw the body into the valley."

The soldiers took the artist to the summit of the mountain. Poor Prabodh was all along lamenting over his ill-luck. 'My talent has let me down. I can't escape this injunction. What will happen to my poor wife and children?'

The soldiers had hardly raised the sword to chop off his head when suddenly there appeared a strange



woman before them. She stopped them with a horrified gesture and asked: "What're you doing? And why're you doing this?"

"We're only obeying the prince's orders," answered the soldiers.

Prabodh looked up at the woman. And he froze with surprise. "This is all because of you," he blurted out, almost inadvertently.

The woman was stunned. "My name is Manimekhala and I am visible to men only if I so wish. This is the first time you're seeing me and yet you say that I'm the cause of all your misery?"

Prabodh explained all that had happened. Manimekhala's surprise

knew no bounds. "Amazing!" she exclaimed. "But how could you paint an exact image of me?"

"When you see the portrait I have drawn, you'll realise that I'm speaking the truth," insisted Prabodh.

"I'll reward you handsomely if the woman in your portrait really looks like me," said Manimekhala.

As Prabodh and Manimekhala started for the palace, the soldiers tried to stop them. "We've orders to chop off his head!"

"Fools!" Manimekhala lashed out with contempt. "Are you trying to stop me? You don't know who I am. I curse you - become stones!" And the poor soldiers turned into stones.

Manimekhala and Prabodh became invisible in a trice and were inside the palace in no time. Prince Abhishikt was surprised at Prabodh's sudden appearance in the palace. "How did you escape?" he asked sharply.

Just then Manimekhala made herself visible to the prince, who stood happy and surprised. "Oh! So this is the lady in your painting? If only you had brought her to me much earlier, you wouldn't have suffered such miseries."

Manimekhala interrupted. "Prince, may I see the painting?"

Abhishikt sent for the painting. Manimekhala was stunned to see the

July 2001 12 Chandamama

mirror image of herself in the painting.

"O Prince," she cried, "but this is the work of Prabodh's imagination. I'm a gundharva woman and I swear he has never seen me before."

"I don't care whether you're a gundharva or human. I'm thrilled to have seen you. Will you marry me?" asked Abhishikt.

"I'm sorry, I cannot marry you, O Prince, " said Manimekhala. "But I shall keep my promise to Prabodh. I shall grant whatever he wishes for!"

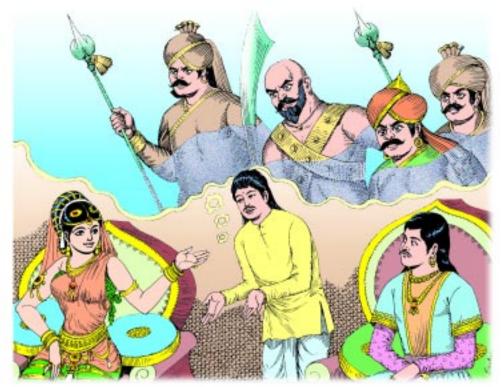
Abhishikt immediately turned to Prabodh. "Ask her to marry me! And I promise to make you a vassal and give you a kingdom."

Manimekhala was quick to assure Prabodh, too. "If *you* want me to marry the prince, I shall certainly do so. Don't hesitate to tell me what *you* want."

Prabodh folded his hands humbly. "O beautiful gundharva, I request you to give back those poor soldiers their human form."

"So be it," Manimekhala smiled and vanished.

Prabodh turned to Abhishikt with folded hands. "My lord, give me whatever punishment you wish to. I shall accept it without protest."



Chandamama 13 July 2001

But Abhishikt embraced the artist. "You're a great artist, Prabodh, and a unique person," he said. Loading him with gifts, Abhishikt sent him home.

The Vetala stopped the narration and asked his customary questions: "Poverty made Prabodh face many problems in life. It was his good luck that Manimekhala rescued him from the throes of death. And yet when she granted him a boon, he did not ask anything for himself. He only prayed for the life of the soldiers. Wasn't he a fool?

"And look at Abhishikt! He knew that Manimekhala would grant Prabodh whatever he wanted. And yet when Prabodh did not ask the gundharva woman to be the prince's wife, instead of punishing him, he praised his talents and sent him home with gifts. Abhishikt seems to have been a fickle-minded fellow, don't you think so? If you know the answers to these questions and yet choose to remain quiet, your head will break into a thousand little pieces!"

Answered King Vikram: "Abhishikt tempted Prabodh with the offer of a kingdom. But Prabodh did not take the bait. Instead, he pleaded for the life of the soldiers. He clearly wanted to earn his livelihood only with the help of his art. That is why he did not ask the gundharva for wealth or prosperity. Don't call him a fool. He was a sincere artist. As for Abhishikt, he learnt from Prabodh that Manimekhala had turned his soldiers to stones for no fault of theirs. After all they had only been obeying the orders of their prince! He realised that gundharvas and human beings had different perspectives and sense of values. That's why he gave up all thoughts of marrying her and did not get angry with Prabodh for not asking her to marry him."

King Vikramaditya had once again broken his silence, and the Vetala with an eerie-pitched laughter slipped down from his shoulder and glided back to the ancient tree.





FOREST HIDEOUT

rakrit ran blindly through the forest, brushing past the branches of trees and sweeping away the creepers and climbers that were in his way. His kid sister Ritu was missing, and he was worried.

The two children had come to the Nilgiris forest reserve as part of a trekking expedition. Suddenly, the team discovered that Ritu was missing. Now everyone was hunting for her, and Prakrit in his anxiety had left the team. To put it briefly, he was lost, too. He could not find his way back to the base camp.

He stopped, his heart thudding in fear. Where could little Ritu be? Which way should he move now? The forest loomed large all around Prakrit, who was just 14 years old. "Go on, go straight ahead!" came a little voice. Prakrit nearly jumped out of his skin. He looked all around him. He saw a little funny looking monkey, which was actually a Nilgiri langur.

"Yea, this is me!" chattered the monkey, and Prakrit was amazed. "Your sister is safe. But you've got to find her. Keep going straight."

How did he know about Ritu? wondered Prakrit, still mum with surprise.

July 2001



"I read minds!" answered the surprising monkey. "How else do you think I have survived in a world of men all this time? Many of my brothers and sisters died when men cleared away these forests for cultivation. But I just about survived with my family."

Prakrit started off on his way, more confidently now, with the monkey chattering by his side.

The ground caved in under his feet. "Aaeeh!" screamed Prakrit.

He was falling into blackness and with him fell branches, dry leaves, twigs and thorns, all on his head. He fell and fell. 'I'm dying!' his mind said. 'Is this hell? Where's the monkey?' He didn't know where he had landed. 'This must be hell,' he thought to himself. But was hell so soft and fragrant? He seemed to be lying on the softest, most moist and wonderful surface. 'If this is hell,' he thought, eyes closed, 'this hell is heaven!'

July 2001

As he opened his eyes, a pair of dark eyes gleamed at him in the darkness. He shut his eye and screamed. "Shut up!" said a familiar voice. "Get up and follow him." It was the monkey.

Prakrit got to his feet. The tiger yawned aloud, baring his deadly teeth and then started to move. "We may look ferocious, but we kill only to eat," he rumbled in commanding tones. "Unlike some people I know who kill animals, because they feel bored and want something to do." Prakrit felt he was talking about men.

They walked on and walked along this underground forest where Prakrit could see many beautiful birds and colourful insects and lovely, fragrant flowers. He saw so many different types of animals, too, that he had never seen before.

A big, grey pillar suddenly appeared in front of Prakrit's nose. He looked up, startled, and saw an elephant, trunk swaying gently. "Pssst..... what's the password?" asked the elephant and his voice was very soft and hushed.

"Password?" gaped Prakrit. "Wh....what? I want Ritu!"

"Quite right, that's the password. You may pass!" said the elephant and swung gracefully aside.

As they moved on, a huge bison walked up to them. He thrust his head forward and his horns pointed at Prakrit's stomach. "Man-child!" he

Bad News

Approximately 2,000,000 deaths take place in India every year due to air pollution. India spends Rs. 4,550 crore per year to treat air pollution related diseases.

16



bellowed and his eyes were suddenly bloodshot. "Allow me to gore him to death just as his fellows had done to my folks."

"No, we're animals, not brutes. Only men are brutes. Let him go," advised the tiger. And he turned and explained to Prakrit: "That guy is the Nilgiri bison. He was almost driven to extinction because men destroyed his habitat."

"What happened?" Prakrit asked innocently.

"The hill slopes were cleared to plant tea and coffee bushes. But bisons can't eat tea leaves. Pah! Men are utterly selfish.... When the forests were cleared, a lot of us animals had to retreat. Many of us died away, as there was not enough food. Men moved into our environment and they hunted down many animals, too. Besides, when you cut down trees, the top soil that is usually held together by roots of trees becomes loose and you're sure to see floods and avalanches and other natural disasters."

Prakrit listened carefully as he followed the tiger. "Here she is!" came a familiar chatter. The Nilgiri monkey flailed his forelegs grandly. Prakrit turned his head. In a beautiful meadow, full of fragrant flowering plants and tall evergreen trees, sat Ritu gurgling with happiness and joy, playing with pretty

little birds and butterflies and spotted large-eyed frisky fawns.

"Ritu!" Prakrit shouted. Ritu looked up, and the two children were in each other's arms in a trice. The Nilgiri monkey sniffed sentimentally and the tiger wiped a tear from his eye; so touched were they! The animals escorted the two children back to the edge of the forest.

And as they parted, the tiger said: "Don't tell the world about our hideout. Let us live in peace!"

"Don't feel bad!" the monkey was up to his tricks again, reading the children's minds. "Remember, all animals are your friends. Whenever you come down to Nilgiris, we'll come to meet you! We love you!"

Prakrit and Ritu bade a tearful goodbye and ran back to their base camp. The animals soon disappeared back into the darkness of the Nilgiris. - Sumy



Chandamama



A son's duty

king Rudrasen of Rajagiri ruled the kingdom with the welfare of his subjects uppermost in his mind. He would always take the path of truth and righteousness and earned the praise of the people and their loyalty. He was eager to pass on the responsibility of ruling the kingdom to his son.

Prince Vijaysen was still at the gurukul of Anandacharya, learning the rudiments of administration, relations with neighbours, and also the various martial arts. When he returned to the capital, the king wanted to find out how much knowledgeable he was and capable he had become to take over the reins of the kingdom from him.

One day, Rudrasen asked him to be present at the court. As soon as the king had taken his seat, the minister came forward, saluted him, and said: "Your majesty, a mother and son are seeking an audience."

On getting a nod from the king, the minister stood them before the king. "You may make your representation now," he told them.

"What's your problem, young man?" the king queried softly.

"Your majesty, I'm Ganesh, and she is Parvati, my mother," said the youth. "Mine is a poor family. I've three children. Both my wife and I work hard, still we aren't able to earn enough to give us and our children a square meal any day. My mother is getting old, she's unable to do any work, and she ofen complains of pain here and pain there. I can't spare food for her, nor am I able to take her to a doctor and arrange treatment for her. I want to put her in an old age home, but she's not willing to leave our house. Pray, tell me what I should do!"

"What do you have to say to that,

madam?" asked King Rudrasen, now turning to Parvati.

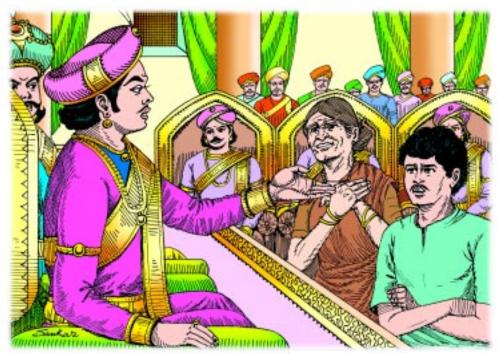
"Your majesty," she said pitifully, "I don't have to say with what difficulty I bore him in my womb for ten long months, and how much strain I underwent and what sacrifices I made to bring him up. Now I don't have any strength left in me, and I can't do any strenuous work.

When I've my son, daughter-in-law, and grand children, do I have to go away as an orphan? If you feel that I am a burden to my son, you can punish me for bringing about that state of affairs."

The king and the prince both looked at each other. The king also noticed that the prince had been intently listening to both the young man and his mother. Rudrasen turned to his son and said, "Vijay, I find it difficult to solve the problem. Can you think of a solution?"

"Father! I don't find it such a difficult problem," said Prince Vijaysen. "In the present circumstances as explained by Ganesh, he doesn't have a choice, and can only think of taking his mother to an old age home." Turning to Ganesh, he asked him, "You seem to have had some schooling and read some books, haven't you? Did you read anywhere that it is the duty of the son to look after his parents all through his life?"

"No, O Prince!" replied Ganesh. "Moreover, look at birds and animals.



They look after their young ones only upto a stage, and leave them to fend for themselves. Do birds and animals insist on their being taken care of by their young ones when they are old?"

"What you say is very true," commented Prince Vijaysen. "But let me ask you one question. Are *you* a bird, an animal, or a human being? Tell me."

"Why shoud you have any doubt, O Prince!" said Ganesh. "I'm a human being."

"If you're so sure about it," said the Prince, "then what you should do is, take your mother home, and share with her whatever you have, and look after her.

There's a lot of difference between a human being and other living beings. Human beings are superior in intelligence to others. They are duty bound to help each other. You are not helping anybody else than your own mother, who bore you in her womb for ten months. You've to bear that in mind."

Prince Vijaysen's words made Ganesh regret his action. He felt ashamed that he had been unfair to his mother. He fell at her feet and pleaded forgiveness in front of the king, prince, and the courtiers.

Parvati raised him to his feet and said, "Forget all that had passed, Ganesh, I've forgiven you."

After the two left the court, King Rudrasen complimented his son for the way he had solved the rift between mother and son. He decided that the prince was mature enough to take over the reins of administration from him. A few days later, Prince Vijaysen's coronation took place.



Saga of India

Glimpses of a great civilisation – its glorious quest for Truth through the ages

18. The deity who still waits



randpa, is there a story behind any other temple which is as absorbing as the story of Sri Jagannath?" Sandip asked Professor Devnath at the dining table.

"My child, several temples in our country have absorbing stories behind them. Some of them are important because of the truth hidden in them. Now take the story of Kanya Kumari, for example ..." said Grandpa.

"Kanya Kumari at the land's end? That's where our school proposes to take us on an excursion! Is there a temple there?" asked Sandip.

"The place is named after the deity

of the temple – Kanya Kumari. The English used to call it Cape Comorin. Kanya Kumari means the bride who remained unmarried. The legend explains the name."

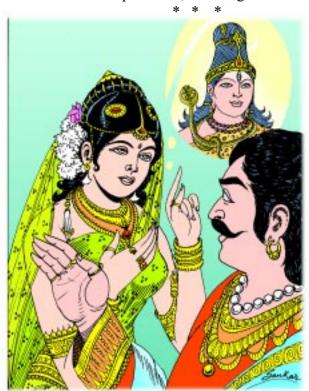
"Please, Grandpa, let me hear the legend ..." Sandip appealed to the professor excitedly.

"No!" Chameli interrupted him. "Don't tell him now, Grandpa!"

While Sandip raised his clenched fist at his younger sister, even the professor looked at the sweet girl with some surprise.

"Grandpa, there's only one more day for Sunday. All our friends will be eagerly waiting for our regular session. For my selfish brother's sake, why deprive our friends of the story?" Chameli argued out.

"Yes, Sandip, Sunday is not far, and right now I'm expecting an important phone call and I may not be able to concentrate on my narration," said the professor, excusing himself.



Some boys and girls among the professor's audience the following Sunday were from Sandip's school and were expected to go to Kanya Kumari. And so they were excited at the prospect of hearing the legend from the professor.

Once upon a time, the lovely site butting into the ocean, known today as Kanya Kumari, was the capital of a great dynasty of kings. But the peace of the kingdom was threatened by a cruel demon named Vanasur. Nobody could match his strength and craftiness, and he often indulged in a spree of destruction for his pervert pleasure. He brought down beautiful temples and houses, plundered their wealth, and mercilessly killed those who dared to check him. Even sages, who tried to arouse his conscience with some kind words of wisdom, met with the same fate.

As his tyranny grew unbearable, some sages came together and sat down in meditation. They prayed to the Divine Mother to put an end to the menace that was Vanasur. The great goddess assured them of relief.

In due course of time, a beautiful daughter was born to the king. She was the incarnation of the goddess, though nobody except a few sages were aware of it. They waited for the princess to grow up.

And she grew up as an extraordinary maiden. She could gallop at the speed of a shooting star, handle the sword more swiftly than the king or his generals, and was always kind and good to all. The bards sang the glory of her qualities and her unique beauty. The people adored her and were never tired of singing her praise. No wonder then before long Vanasur heard of the princess. He sent an emissary to find out if she deserved to be his bride! The moment the king came to know of the demon's design, he decided to give away his daughter in marriage to some deserving prince.

The princess heard all this. Suddenly she herself grew conscious of her identity. She was an incarnation of the Divine Shakti! There was, therefore, no question of her marrying anybody other than her eternal consort, Lord Shiva. Let the preparations for her wedding be made – she told her father. The bridegroom would arrive at the right moment.

By then the wise king knew that his daughter was someone very special. He could not but trust her. Accordingly, an auspicious date and hour for her wedding were fixed and she was informed about it. She sat down meditating on Shiva; she awakened in the great god the need to come down to take her.

Far away, atop Mount Kailash in the Himalayas, Shiva woke up from his deep trance. He began to walk towards the land's end to reach there on time.

He was not far from his destination when the sages became very pensive. If the princess were to marry Shiva and both went away to Kailash, who would destroy the wicked demon? Appreciating their concern, Sage Narada did something naughty. It was only midnight but he made a cock cry out cock-a-doodle-doo.

Shiva, who was walking absentmindedly, thought it was already morning and he had failed to reach the land's end at the appointed moment. He heaved a deep sigh and sat down on a rock. And the moment



he did so, he forgot all about his mission and was lost in his habitual trance.

Meanwhile, there was great excitement in and around the palace. The atmosphere was as festive as it could be. Everybody was waiting for the arrival of the mysterious bridegroom

of their sweet princess. But the one who suddenly arrived there, instead of the bridegroom, shocked everybody. He was none other than Vanasur.

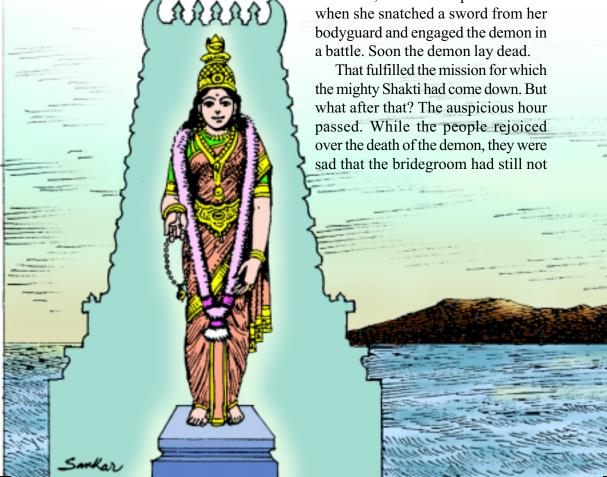
"How dare you fellows propose to marry the princess to someone other than I?" he demanded and forced his way into the palace, laughing wildly and looking for the princess.

The princess, in her bridal attire, surrounded by the ladies of the palace, was going through some rituals when she heard the commotion. The ruthless demon, a bloody sword in hand, was

advancing towards the hall where she was, kicking away or cutting down whoever happened to cross his way.

The princess understood the situation. She came out to face the nasty intruder. The demon stopped, pleasantly surprised to see the indescribable beauty standing before him. But when the princess ordered him to get out, he broke into a roaring laughter and tried to drag her away.

The princess gave him a push and released her arm from his iron grip. The stumbling demon, infuriated at the treatment, was about to pounce on her when she snatched a sword from her bodyguard and engaged the demon in a battle. Soon the demon lay dead.



arrived. The food cooked for the festivity turned into sand and pebbles. By and by, years and aeons rolled by. The royal dynasty shifted to another place. The goddess, turned into stone and known as Kanya Kumari, still stands looking towards the east, the symbol of hope and expectation.

* * *

"What a wonderful story!" buzzed several voices.

"Wonderful, indeed, but that is for what it signifies," commented the professor.

"What's that, Grandpa?" asked Sandip.

"The goddess stands at the land's end as the presiding deity, as one who protects the land. Just as the princess could not be violated by the demon, the land cannot be violated by any enemy. Of course, much depends on our faith. But that's not all. The other significance is much more subtle."

"What's that, Grandpa!" asked Chameli.

"Do you know a famous statement of Sri Aurobindo? He made that statement long before he became famous as the Mahayogi. He was then young and was leading India's struggle for freedom. He said that India was not a piece of earth, but a godhead. In other words, the land is the physical form of a great consciousness. At the top of the consciousness dwells the Lord. At the bottom dwells the Shakti. still waiting for the Lord to descend and become united with her. The day that happens the whole consciousness will be transformed. That the goddess Kanya Kumari keeps waiting is a promise for us. One day, our India will become a conscious spiritual land."

"Thank you, Grandpa, thank you so much for telling us this charming story of hope," sang out the children.

-Visvavasu

(This instalment is based on Legends of India's Temples by Manoj Das, BPL India, Mumbai.) (To continue)



BORN THIS MONTH

SHANKAR

Of all the titles and awards he received in India and elsewhere, what Shankar cherished most was the *Order of Smile* conferred on him by the children of Poland. They had chosen the founder of Shankar's International Children's Competition for this annual award in 1977. He received the honour at an impressive investiture ceremony when a promise was elicited from him "to bring joy to children."

K.Shankar Pillai was born on July 31, 1902 into an orthodox family of Travancore, now a part of Kerala. As the family followed the matriarchal system, he lived with his mother, grandmother, and mother's uncle. Being the only child, the boy found company in the birds and butterflies that visited their sprawling compound.

At school, one day his mathematics teacher, after giving sums to the children to work out, raised his legs on the table, leaned in his chair, and went to sleep. Shankar captured the scene in a drawing. Shankar the cartoonist was born that day.

While in Bombay after graduation in 1926, Shankar pursued his hobby and had his cartoons published in newspapers. In 1932, he became the first ever staff cartoonist of a newspaper in India when he joined *The Hindustan Times*.

Soon after India gained Independence, he launched India's one and only cartoon journal, *Shankar's Weekly*. Releasing the first issue in May 1948, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru told

him: "Shankar, don't spare me!"
And did he? Between then and 1964,
the *Weekly* carried some 1,500
cartoons on Pandit Nehru—a record for
a statesman as well as a cartoonist.

In 1949, he planned a Children's Number of his *Weekly* and invited paintings and writings from children in India. The first Children's Number was brought out in December that year. The next year, children from 13 countries sent in entries. The International Competition has by now completed 52 years

Shankar organised exhibitions of Child
Art from 1950. To show that he had
complete faith in children, he
began organising on-the-spot
painting competitions in
Delhi. This has become an
annual event in the

capital.

He then went about establishing the Children's Book Trust, for which he built the 5-storey Nehru House in New Delhi. The Trust's publications is nearing

the 1,000 mark—all languages put together. To encourage the latent talents in children for painting and writing, he also launched a magazine, *Children's World*, in 1968. A large number of pages were set apart for children's own creative efforts. In 1965 Shankar started a Library and Reading Room exclusively for children.

After Shankar was given a costume doll from Hungary, he began collecting such dolls from different countries. Shankar's International Dolls Museum, located in Nehru House, has on display some 8,000 costume dolls from a hundred countries. The museum is the only one of its kind in the world.

Shankar passed away on December 26, 1989. He was once "ordered" to make children smile. Didn't he?

Chandamama Chandamama

Tales from other lands (Armenia)

The Prince Who Jearnt a Trade - 2

Queen Anait sent out secret spies to find out what had happened to her husband, but no one was able to get any clues.

In the meantime, when King Vatchagan had set off disguised as a peasant, he was attacked by a band of robbers outside the city of Perodj. They stole all his money and dragged him off to a cave deep into the forest. Familiar though the king was with his country, he did not know where he was being

taken. As soon

as they reached

the cave, the head robber unlocked a huge heavy door, pushed the king in and, stepping in himself, shut the door once again.

Inside the dark cave, he threw the king against the wall and hit him. When he was sure that the captive would not fight him, he snarled, "What

craft do you know?"

"I can weave such exquisite cloth of gold that the woven material is worth a hundred times the gold that goes into it," he said.

"Really?" asked the robber unbelievingly. "Can you produce such a cloth? An ordinary peasant like you?"

"Why should I lie to you? If I can't, won't you kill me? Try me," said the king nonchalantly.

"That's true," said the robber, stroking his beard. "All right, let's see what you can do. What do you need

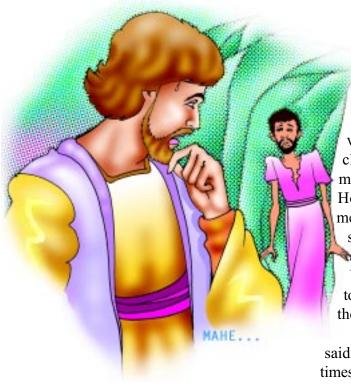
to weave this cloth?"

When King Vatchagan told him, he pushed him further into the cave and went away shutting the door behind him carefully.

Left alone, the king decided to explore the cave. As he walked on, he saw a faint streak of light. As he got closer to the dim light, he heard

groans and cries from a pit-like depression. Suddenly, a shadow emerged from there and came towards him. It seemed more like a skeleton than a man that walked towards him.

"Who are you? A ghost or a man?" asked the king. "If you're a man, tell me where we are."



The man weakly asked him to follow him. "I'll show you everything in this terrible place," he said.

When Vatchagan looked at the man closely, he recognised him. It was none other than his friend Nazar. He embraced him and Nazar, with tears, led him to a place where skeleton-like starved men were working at making different things, like cloth, carpets, or other crafts. Nazar told him, "These monstrous robbers starve us and make us work at our craft like slaves till we die. Those who do not know a craft are killed after they are robbed. There's no way of escaping this cave and once a man enters here, he only goes out a corpse."

Soon after, one of the robbers

brought Vatchagan all the things he had asked for and asked him to get to work. Vatchagan put all his skill into weaving a beautiful piece of cloth. It had the most lovely and mysterious looking designs on it. However, the designs were not mere patterns, but alphabets which spelt out the location of the cave and what was happening there.

When it was finished, Vatchagan took it to the man who had brought the materials to him.

"Here's the finished cloth," he said. "I said it was worth a hundred times its weight in gold, but this piece has turned out so well only Queen Anait will know its true value."

The robber, without showing the cloth to the gang leader, decided to take it to Queen Anait himself and pocket all the money.

One morning, Queen Anait was told that a merchant had brought something incomparably beautiful for her to see.

She asked him to be shown in. Rather distracted by her worry, she asked the merchant without looking at the cloth, "How much is this cloth worth?"

"Three hundred times the gold that has gone into its making," he said.

His answer surprised her out of her worry.

"I must see this cloth of gold. Is it really worth that much?" she said

When the cloth was spread out in front of her, she saw that the designs were really letters and this is what she read:

My darling Anait,

I'm in the hands of a band of robbers who have many people imprisoned in a cave deep in the forest. You must come and save us, or there is no hope.

Your loving husband Vatchagan
The queen told the robber, "It is indeed a beautiful piece worth every

gold coin you have asked for. When I first saw it, I was very depressed but the beauty of the cloth has lifted up my spirits. However, I feel the person who has such skill in his hands must be even more valuable. So where is he? I would like to meet him."

"Oh," demurred the robber. "I bought this piece of cloth from far away India. I don't know who he is."

"Guards! Seize him!" shouted Anait in a loud and angry voice. "You're lying. I know all about you."

Then having got the location of the cave from the robber, Anait rang the alarm bells in the kingdom. When all the people gathered, she told them that a terrible enemy had captured their king and it was the duty of every citizen to rescue him.

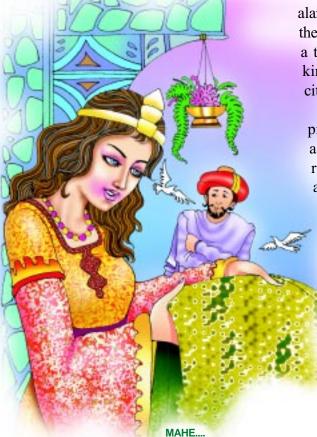
Then, after making careful preparations, the people and the army mounted an attack on the robbers and rescued the king and all others in the cave.

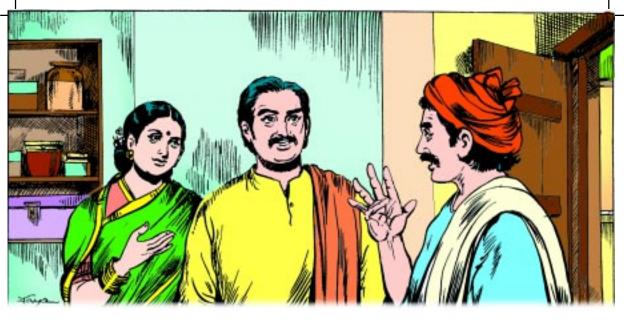
"O Queen!' said Nazar kissing the hem of Anait's robe. "You saved our lives today."

"You're wrong," said the king. "She had saved it when she insisted that we should learn a craft and taught us the value of learning and knowledge." -Ruma

(Concluded)

July 2001





WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

ajgopal's was a small, happy, and contented family. His son Ramgopal was studying in a college in the town. Daughter Devika was of marriageable age, and her mother Kamala had no other thought than the girl's marriage. However, her worry was, how soon they should start saving money to meet the marriage expenditure.

The family owned some fields in the nearby village. Rajgopal had given them on lease to Govind who tended them, raised crops, which he arranged to sell in the market, and promptly went and paid the rent to Rajgopal. One day, Govind called on him. A surprised Rajgopal asked him: "Why this unusual visit, Govind?" "Sir, I've fixed my daughter's wedding; it will take place in another fortnight and before that, I must buy her a gold necklace. That'll cost around two thousand rupees," explained Govind. "I've come to seek your help. If you can lend me that much money, I shall return it when I come to pay the rent in the next two months. Only after I get a nod from you can I go and place the order for the necklace."

Rajgopal thought for a while and told Govind, "Don't worry, I shall give you the money tomorrow morning."

Govind felt much relieved and took leave of Rajgopal with a smile of gratitude. The moment he went

July 2001 30 Chandamama

inside, Kamala came up to him and said, "It's all right to help Govind, but we've to save some money for our own daughter's wedding. When I asked you yesterday, you said you had just about a hundred rupees. Now where will you go for two thousand rupees? And you've already asked him to come tomorrow morning!"

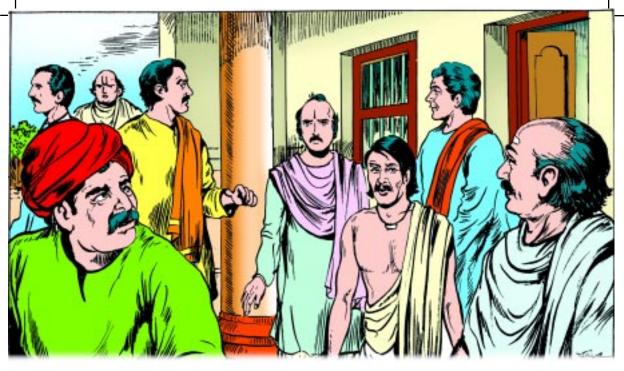
"Kamala, remember that Govind was asking for a loan for the first time," said Rajgopal. "And till today, he has been very prompt in paying us the rent for the fields. So, what I thought was to take a loan from Madhav and give it to Govind. I heard that Madhav got back a loan of twenty thousand rupees only

yesterday. I'm sure he'll spare two thousand which I can give to Govind."

"Oh, in that case, why don't you take a loan of five thousand rupees?" suggested Kamala. "Give two thousand to Govind, and with the balance three, I shall buy a pair of trousers for Ram, a silk sari for Devi, and a ring for myself. In two months time, Govind will return the loan and also pay the rent, and we can then return the loan of five thousand rupees to Madhav."

Rajgopal agreed and a little later, he started for Madhav's residence. When he reached there, he found that he had some visitors. From their conversation, he guessed that all of





them had come to borrow money from Madhav. Rajgopal did not join the group and went and sat in a corner. A little later, Madhav came out and when he saw the group, he knew they had all come seeking loans.

"It's not easy to make money," he told the visitors. "It's also not difficult to spend one's hard-earned money. So what I did was, whatever I got back yesterday, I've given it to moneylender Baidnath, who has offered to give me thirteen rupees for every hundred. However, if I were to take a loan from him, I will have to give him fifteen rupees as interest."

When they heard Madhav, the

visitors realised that they would have to pay a higher rate of interest as Madhav did not have ready cash and he would have to borrow money from someone else. They went away one after another. It was then that Madhav saw Rajgopal sitting alone in a corner. "Rajgopal! Why didn't you come inside? Were you waiting for a long time? Why stand on such formalities? After all, we've known each other since our childhood."

After they went inside, Madhav queried: "What had brought you here, Rajgopal? Are you in need of money? Tell me how much, and I shall even now go to Baidnath. After all, we've to give him only fifteen per cent interest."



Thoughts and indiscreet actions result in failure, and are often fraught with danger.

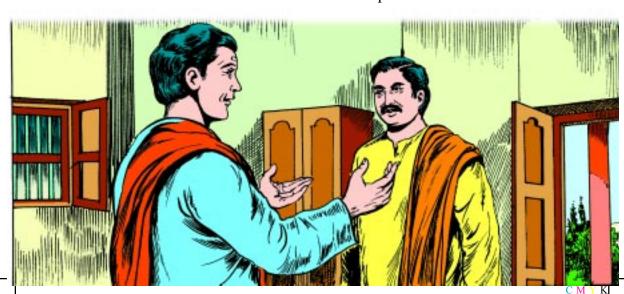
- The Ramayana

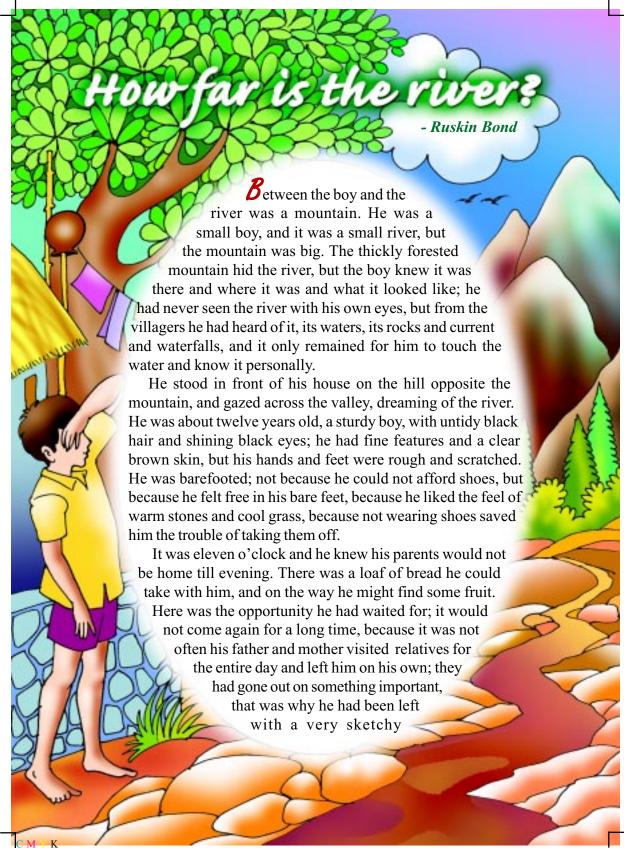
Rajgopal thought, why should he take a larger amount and pay a high interest? He actually needed only two thousand rupees to be given to Govind. So, he asked for only two thousand rupees. Madhav went to Baidnadh, borrowed two thousand rupees and handed the money to Rajgopal. The next morning when Govind called on him, he gave that money to him.

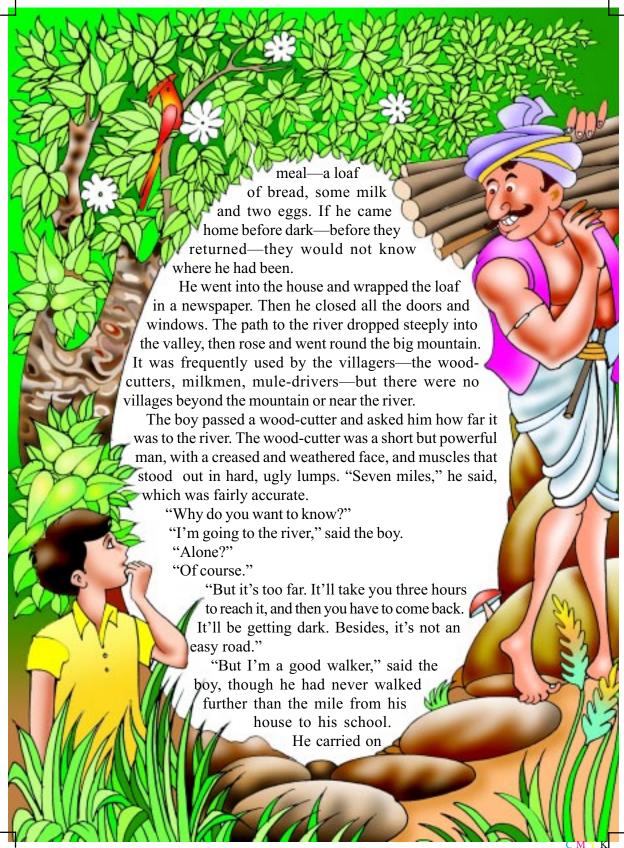
Two months later, Govind returned the loan amount along with the rent he had to pay to Rajgopal, who in turn paid back the money he had borrowed from Madhav along with fifteen per cent interest. But Madhav returned the interest to

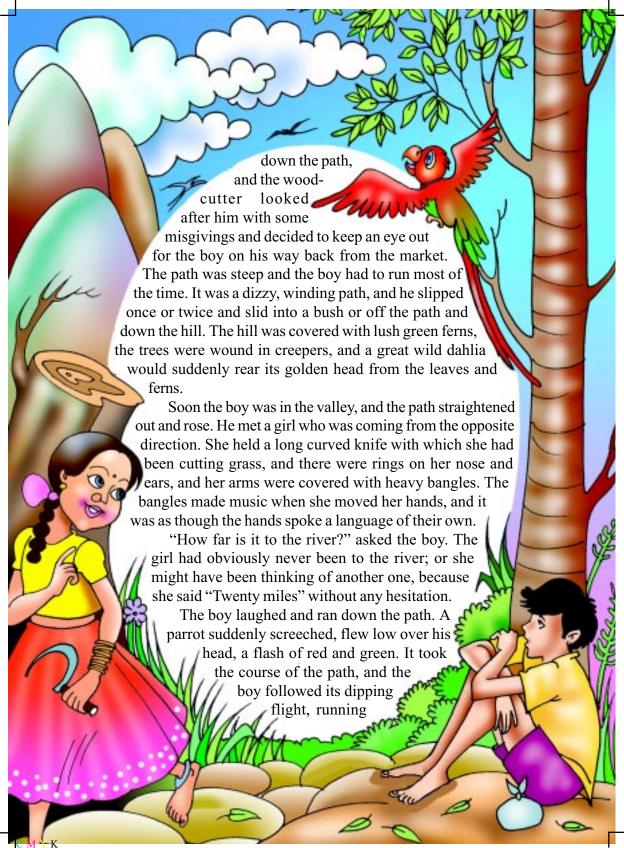
Rajgopal saying, "How can I charge interest from my bosom friend? I knew you did not borrow a larger sum that you wanted because you did not want to waste money. Suppose I had myself given you the loan as a friend, you would have been tempted to borrow a bigger amount and spent the entire money on some not very essential items of expenditure. You've been prudent that way, Rajgopal, and I appreciate it very much."

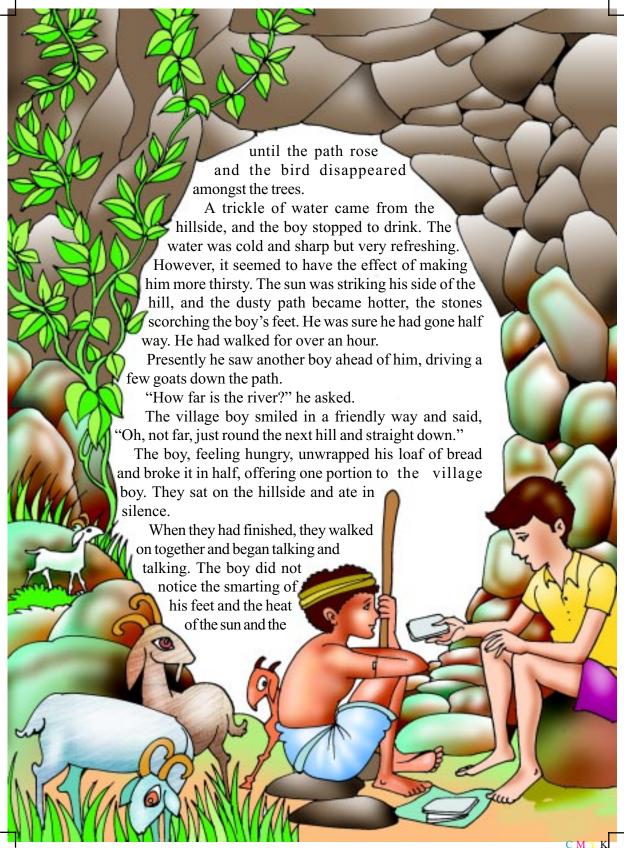
"What you said is very true," said Rajgopal. "You really saved me from wasting money. You are a true friend, and I must value such friendship."











distance he had covered and the distance he had yet to cover. But after some time his companion had to diverge along another path, and the boy was once again on his own. He missed the village boy; he looked up and down the mountain path but could see no one. His own home was hidden from view by the side of the mountain, and the river was not in sight either. He began to feel discouraged. If someone had been with him, he would not have faltered; but alone, he was conscious of his fatigue and of his isolation. He was sorry he had finished the bread; he might want it later.

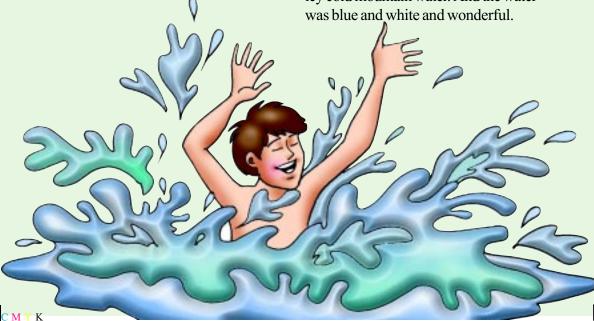
But he had come more than half way and he could not turn back; he had to see the river. If he failed, he would always be ashamed of the experience.

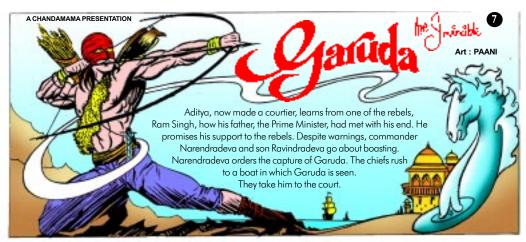
So he walked on, along the hot, dusty, stony path, past mud huts and

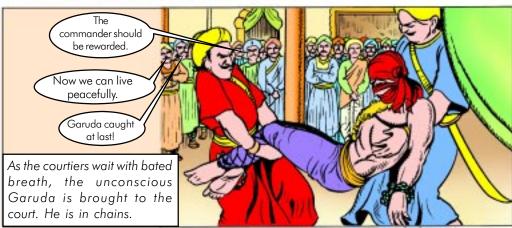
terraced fields, until there were no more fields or huts; only forest and sun and loneliness. Now there was no sign of man's influence—only trees and rocks and bramble and flowers—only silence....

The silence was impressive and a little frightening. It was different from the silence of a room or street. It was the silence of space, of the unknown, the silence of God... There was no movement either, except for the bending of grass beneath the boy's feet, or the circling of a hawk high above the pine trees.

Then, as the boy rounded a sharp bend, the silence broke into sound. A sudden roaring sound. The sound of the river. Far down in the valley the river tumbled over rocks, fast and frenzied. The boy gasped, and began to run. He slipped and stumbled, but still he ran. Then he was ankle-deep in the icy cold mountain water. And the water









The courtiers await Narendradeva to come

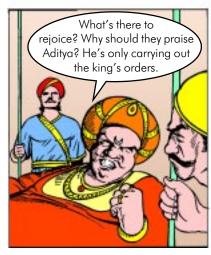


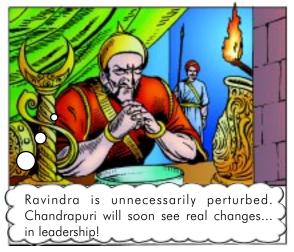
Chandamama 39 July 2001



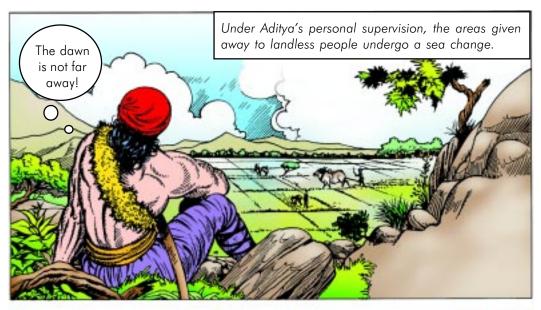






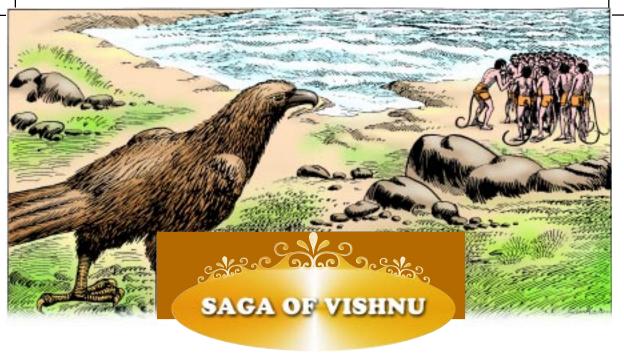


Chandamama 41 July 2001









14. Rama reaches Lanka

After the death of Bali, Sugriva became the King of Kishkinta. He made Bali's son, Angad, the Crown Prince and then, leaving him to look after the kingdom, Sugriva took to a life of pleasure. He completely forgot his promise to help Rama in his search for Sita.

Finally, Lakshmana angrily came to remind him about it. Hanuman impressed upon Sugriva that keeping their promise to Rama should be their immediate aim.

Sugriva then sent out his monkey subjects, the Vanaras, in all directions to search for Sita. Angad, Hanuman, and Jambavan set off towards the south because Jatayu had pointed in that direction. Just before they set off, Rama gave Hanuman a ring from one

of his fingers so that Sita would know that Hanuman was sent by Rama.

When the three reached the southern coast, they stopped wondering what to do. Then they met a bird of prey without wings. This was Sampathi, Jatayu's brother. He overheard their discussion and told them that Ravana had taken Sita across the ocean to Lanka. The Vanaras now wondered which of them would be able to leap across the wide ocean. Jambavan reminded Hanuman that because of a curse he had forgotten his own powers and so Hanuman alone had the power to cross the ocean.

Hanuman at once prayed to Rama and took a running jump off the shore and sailed across the sky over the



ocean. He faced many natural and supernatural obstacles as he crossed the ocean but was able to overcome them all. After resting for a moment on the sea-mountain Mynak, Hanuman reached Lanka.

The goddess who protected Lanka, Lankini, took hold of her trident and assuming a terrifying form came out to attack Hanuman. He made himself very small so that she would find it difficult to hold him, but she caught him in her palm like a fly. Then Hanuman tore out of her hand and struck such a mighty blow that Lankini fell unconscious.

Thus Hanuman was able to enter the city of Lanka. And what a beautiful sight the city was, with jewel like lamps and tall, majestic buildings! Hanuman made himself invisible and

wandered about the place taking in the sights and at the same time looking for Sita. He searched in all the palaces but could not spot her anywhere. For a moment he wondered if Ravana's queen, the beautiful Mandodari, was not Sita, but realised his mistake almost immediately. He finally came to a wood full of Asoka trees. There, under one tree, sat Sita chanting the name of Rama while armed guards surrounded her. Hanuman hid himself on a leafy tree and waited for a chance to talk to her. As he waited, Ravana entered the wood to persuade Sita to give in to his wishes, but Sita spurned his advances with scorn, declaring that Rama would soon reach Lanka, defeat him in battle, and rescue her.

"That will never happen; there's no one who can defeat me in Lanka!"





he roared furiously and walked away with his retinue and all the guards. Hanuman saw that Sita was now alone and he jumped down from the tree and handed Rama's ring to a slightly alarmed Sita. Then Hanuman suggested that Sita should sit on his shoulder so that he could take her back to Rama. Sita, however, refused to do that.

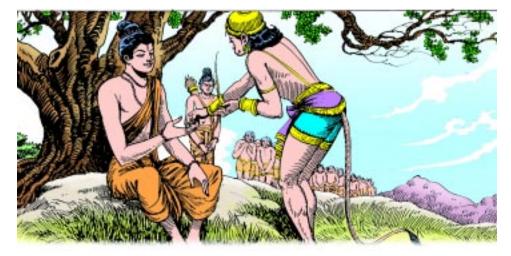
"Sri Ramachandra's honour demands that he came here himself, defeated Ravana, and then took me back," declared Sita. Then taking a jewel she was wearing on her hair, she gave it to Hanuman and said, "Give this to my Lord with the message that I'm waiting for him."

Before he left Lanka, Hanuman wanted to show that he had been there and so he began destroying the area surrounding the Asoka wood. The entire Rakshasa clan came out to capture this monkey which was creating such havoc. Finally Ravana's son Indrajit used the Brahmastra to capture Hanuman and took him to Ravana. Ravana looked at Hanuman arrogantly from his throne. Hanuman in answer elongated his tail and rolled it up to make himself a seat that was higher than that of Ravana and lightly jumped up and sat on it.

Then addressing Ravana he said, "I'm an envoy from Sri Ramachandra. He's preparing to attack Lanka and destroy it with the help of a large Vanara army. If you're wise, you'll give up Sita and seek his forgiveness and not persist in this arrogant and provocative behaviour."

Ravana was furious and ordered that Hanuman be put to death for his





insolence. Vibhishana, Ravana's youngest brother, intervened and said that it was not right to kill an envoy. So Ravana ordered that Hanuman's tail be wound with cloth, doused in oil, and set fire to.

Ravana's order was carried out immediately. But to their dismay, the rakshasas found that as they wound cloth around the tail, it grew longer and longer. Finally, they ran out of cloth and oil and so set fire to the tail. Hanuman then got up with a roar and swinging his flaming tail around, he set fire to all of Lanka. The only two places in Lanka that were left undamaged were the Asoka wood and Vibhishana's palace.

Then leaving the burning city behind him and carrying the jewel Sita had given him, Hanuman made his way back across the ocean to Rama. He welcomed Hanuman like a brother and blessed him with knowledge and fame.

In the meantime at Lanka, Vibhishana objected to Ravana's

treatment of Hanuman and said it was still not too late to restore Sita to Rama and make peace. Ravana went into a rage and calling Vibhishana a coward, he ordered him out of Lanka. Vibhishana left Lanka with his followers.

Ravana's wife Mandodari also tried to persuade Ravana to give up Sita and make peace with Rama. "I'm not a coward. If it comes to war, so be it," he thundered.

In the meantime, Rama was preparing to attack Lanka. A large army was gathered under the leadership of Sugriva, Nila, Angad, Sushena, and Jambavan. While Hanuman was getting the army ready, Nila took charge of building a bridge across the ocean.

The Vanaras picked up huge boulders and dropped them into the ocean. Hanuman brought big hills. The smaller monkeys brought in small stones. They all worked quickly and soon a long bridge touching Lanka was ready.

Meanwhile, Vibhishana had come to Rama who welcomed him like a brother and anointed him the King of Lanka. Rama picked up his bow and led his army over the bridge into Lanka.

When Ravana's spies told him that Rama was making his way towards Lanka at the head of a large army, he refused to believe them. Laughing arrogantly he said, "Let them enter Lanka. They'll make a good meal for Kumbhakarna."

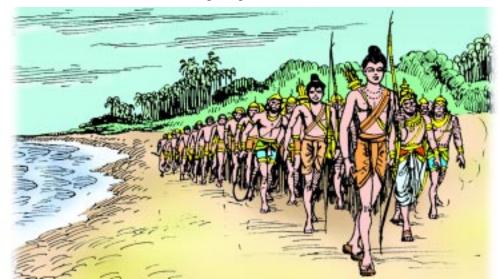
Kumbhakarna, who was Ravana's brother, was a huge rakshasa who had received a boon from Brahma that enabled him to sleep for six months and stay awake for six months. Whenever he got up he would be ravenous and eat whatever he could lay his hands on.

On seeing Rama's army of monkeys swarming all over the place like ants, Ravana was forced to wake up Kumbhakarna. He tried to reason with Ravana of the wisdom of fighting

Rama, but Ravana accused Kumbhakarna of being a coward. This cut Kumbhakarna to the quick and he set off for the battle. Finally Rama aimed a powerful arrow that killed him.

After Kumbhakarna, many valorous rakshasas went into battle but they were all defeated by Rama and Lakshmana. Now Indrajit came into the fray with a loud and frightening battle cry. He was called Indrajit because he had once defeated Indra, the leader of the Gods. Indrajit could hide himself among the clouds and fight from there so that his enemies could not make from which direction the attack came. He fell upon Rama's army and really created havoc till he fell to one of Lakshmana's powerful arrows.

Ravana was shaken by the fall of Indrajit, but he would not accept defeat. "Even if the sun and the moon forget their course, Ravana will not give up his aim. I will fight to the end," he declared. (To continue)



A Hodja story

Where did the missing sheep go?

One day, Naseeruddin Hodja's neighbour requested him to graze his flock of twenty sheep in the meadow for a day because he had to go to town.

"No problem," said the Hodja. "I'm not doing anything much. You can leave the sheep safely in my hands."

The friend was a little nervous because the Hodja was a little unpredictable. You never knew what he would do next, but there was nothing else that he could do, and so he gave the Hodja many instructions on where and how to graze them. Finally, before he left he warned him: "On no account you should leave them

unattended even for a moment. Some of them may wander off."

"Not to worry," said the Hodja, a little shortly. "I was looking after sheep before you were even born. Just go and finish your business in town and let me do mine here."

Now it was a long time since the Hodja had tended sheep. He had forgotten how slowly time passed while the sheep grazed. He counted the sheep. There were twenty. As the Hodja watched them graze, he felt hungry. He looked this way and that to see if he could ask someone to keep an eye on the sheep while he went home for a meal. But not a soul came along. Finally, he could not bear the hunger pains gnawing at his stomach and so he left the sheep in the meadow and went home to eat.

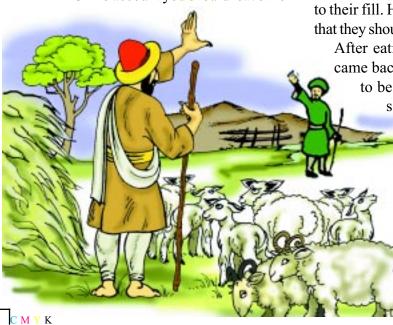
Before the Hodja left, he told the sheep to stay in the meadow and graze to their fill. He told them very strictly that they should not leave the meadow.

After eating his meal, the Hodja came back. All the sheep seemed

side and counted ten sheep, then he turned a little and counted ten more. So he thought there were twenty in all.

Satisfied that all the sheep were there, the Hodja went to sleep.

Chandamama



Before the Hodja woke up, his friend came back having finished his business in town. He was quite horrified to see his sheep spread all over the meadow and the Hodja peacefully asleep. He was more angry when he realised that there were only nineteen sheep.

He woke up the Hodja rather rudely. "Hey, look here!" he said loudly. "You're asleep and one of my sheep has gone missing."

"Huh, uh?" said the Hodja getting up with a start. "There were twenty of them just five seconds ago. Even if one of them has wandered off, it must be close by."

Then the Hodja first counted ten and then turned a little and counted another ten. "See!" he said triumphantly. "All twenty are here."

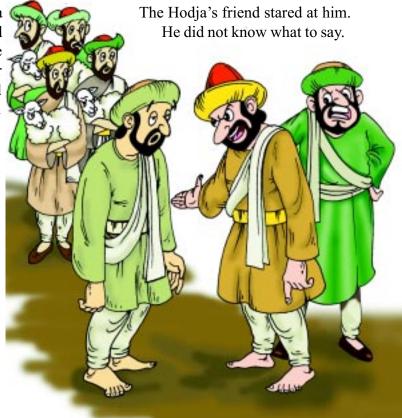
The friend counted his sheep again but he could find only nineteen! So, they had a big quarrel. Each time the Hodja counted, there were twenty sheep, and each time the friend counted, there were only nineteen.

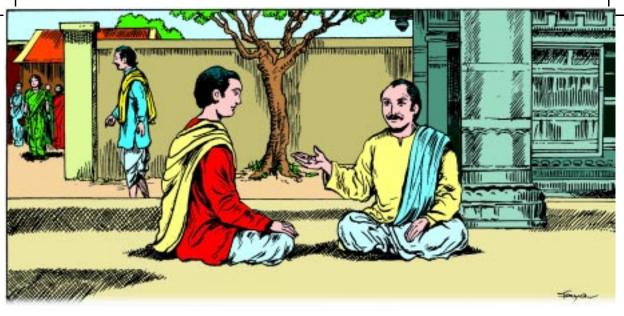
To sort out the Chandamama

quarrel, they decided to call twenty men from the village. They thought they would give each of them a sheep to hold. If each one got a sheep, then it would become obvious that there were twenty sheep. If not, it would be equally obvious that a sheep was missing.

So they did that, and one man stood there without a sheep.

The Hodja got very upset with that man. "If you had grabbed a sheep in the beginning, instead of just standing there and yawning, you too would have got one, and then all twenty would have been there!" he shouted.





A Suitable Bride

Manohar of Marthandam was an ordinary farmer. He managed to perform the wedding of his elder daughter, Malini. After her departure to her husband's place, Manohar began planning the wedding of his younger daughter, Malati, because he knew that all his responsibility would be over once she was also given away in marriage. After consulting his wife, he sought the help of his friends to find a suitable match for Malati.

It was his practice to offer prayers at the local temple every evening and take rest for some time in the meditation hall outside. As he sat there, no thoughts would come to him other than the marriage of Malati.

One evening, a horse-drawn

carriage stopped in front of the temple. The person who got down appeared to be a wealthy gentleman. At that very moment, the priest was coming out of the temple. The visitor asked the *pujari*, "Would you please direct me to the house of Manohar?"

The priest pointed to the meditation hall and said, "Do you see that person sitting over there? Well, he's Manohar."

The gentleman thanked the pujari and went up to Manohar. "Hello, Manohar, how are you?"

Manohar turned round and looked at the gentleman in surprise. Who could be accosting him with such familiarity? he wondered, taking time to respond.

"Manohar! Don't you remember me?" said the gentleman. "I'm Viswanath, your classmate! Don't you recognise me?"

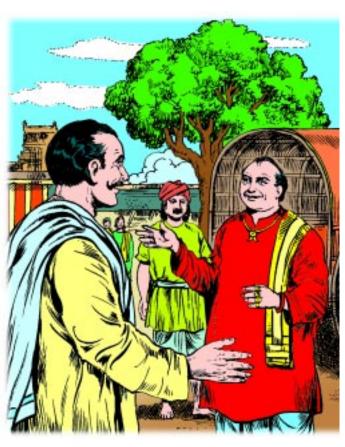
"Viswanath, did you say?" Manohar was still trying to recollect

the face of his classmate. "Thirty years have gone by, Viswa! Ah! I now remember that soon after we left school, you got married to a wealthy girl and went away from here. I guess you've seen success in life. I'm very happy to meet you again, Viswa. My house is not far from here. Why don't you come with me? We can spend sometime recalling the good old days. Come." Manohar got into the horse-cart and took his friend to his modest house.

On reaching there he introduced his wife and daughter Malati to Viswanath. During their conversation, Viswanath said, "Manohar, I've two sons, and they help me on our farms. We, too, are farmers, and we make a living by working in the fields.

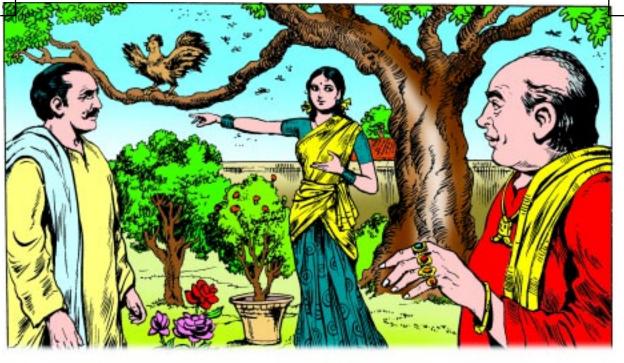
Sometimes, my wife too joins us. She has only one desire. Our sons should marry only from families engaged in farming. Our eldest one has married a girl belonging to a family of agriculturists. I'm now searching for

a bride for my second son and she, too, should be from a farmer's family. I've heard a lot about you, Manohar. Though I met your daughter only now, in the last few minutes I've decided that she would make an ideal bride



for my son. What do you say?"

Manohar was happy as he listened to Viswanath. "I'm glad you've already chosen your future daughterin-law, and your choice has fallen on my daughter. Let's not have any second



thoughts about this match. Go back to your village, Viswa, and find the earliest auspicious date for the marriage."

Viswanath took leave of Manohar and was about to get into his horse-cart when Malati rushed to him and said, "Uncle, please don't be in a hurry. It's threatening to rain. Both of you may go inside and wait till the rain subsides."

Both Manohar and Viswanath looked at each other, wonderstruck. "But, Malati, how did you know that it's going to rain?" Viswanath asked of her.

The girl led them to the backyard and showed them a trail of ants. "Look at that, the ants are coming out of their holes to save their eggs. Do you hear the cock clucking and running helterskelter? Also the fireflies have all come out of their nests in the cavities on the trees. All these indicate that it's going to rain soon."

"That's wonderful, Malati!" remarked Viswanath. "You really deserve to be my daughter-in-law!"

Before he could say more, droplets of water fell on him, and he and Manohar rushed inside. "Just as Malati had predicted, isn't it?" Viswanath commented, turning to Manohar. He waited till the rain subsided before he returned home.

As soon as he reached there, he told everything about Manohar and his family to his wife and son, who were now keen to meet Malati and her parents. The next day Viswanath



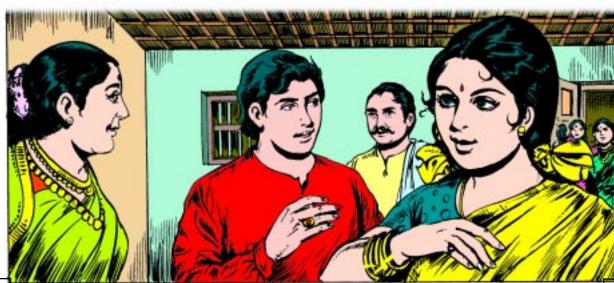
One who utters truth at all times obtains eternal bliss. -The Ramayana

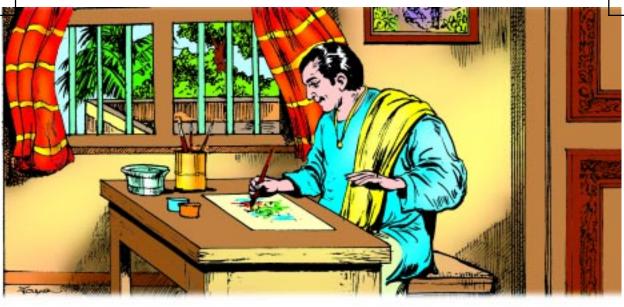
sent them to Marthandam. They were quite impressed by the modesty of Manohar, hospitality of his wife, and worldly knowledge of Malati. Viswanath's wife put her to test by asking several questions about farming, weather, climate, and products from the land. Malathi had ready answers for all the questions and the lady had no doubt that the girl would make an ideal daughter-in-law.

"Whatever I said was from general knowledge, Aunty," said Malati, "but everything has to be assessed for its truth by putting it to practice. That will call for effort from our side. If you raise bunds on the farm, water will not flow away and it will help the plants to grow. If there is no hindrance to the growth of plants, then the yield will be good. And you know, a good crop will result in prosperity to the family. In short, it's only through effort that we can succeed in life."

When Viswanath's wife went back home, she told her husband, "Now, don't delay our son's marriage to Malati. I won't find a better daughterin-law for our family."

Soon afterwards their wedding took place. Manohar and his wife were certain that their daughter had married into an ideal family.





The man behind the painting

Sudhakar was born in a poor family. When he grew up, he cherished an ambition to become a rich person. To achieve his desire, he worked hard and tirelessly; he not only earned a livelihood, but was able to make sizeable savings. Fortunately, he had no bad habits and he was not a spendthrift. He was not a miser, but spent his money carefully. With the savings he made, he started a business which soon thrived and he became a wealthy man, just as he had dreamt long back.

He had two sons and a daughter. In due course, he got them married and by and by, he decided that he would retire from his business. He handed it to his two sons who looked after the business much to his satisfaction. As days went by, he found time hanging and he decided he should not sit idle but engage himself in some hobby.

How about writing a book of stories, poems or plays? he thought one day. But he did not have much of education and he was not literate. He then thought of music, but he realised that his voice was not suited for singing. Finally, he decided to take to drawing and painting. He went into his room, closed the door, and made some drawings. He was not quite happy with his effort. He took another sheet of paper and drew something. He held the sheet this

way and that, and he thought, the painting looked like a picture of a lion. "Grand!" he exclaimed. 'I can't believe that I have done this beautiful painting!' he told himself.

He yearned for recognition as an artist. But he did not want to go about showing his painting to elicit views and appreciation. He decided that he would place it in his drawing room where nobody would miss noticing it.

He did this when everybody in the family had gone out to the temple. To ensure that the painting attracted everyone who came into the room, he attached a slip of paper below the painting. It said: "A cash prize of Rs.100 to anyone who identified the painting".

After the family had got back from the temple, Sudhakar's wife went in search of him in the drawing room when she saw the picture and the label below. She began laughing, uncontrollably. "Which of our grand children has drawn this painting?" she queried.

This was overheard by her sons who were just then entering the drawing room. "Must be the handiwork of some lunatic!" exclaimed one of them. "Let's not waste time staring at it!" said the other. "It's time we went and opened the shop."

Sudhakar, who was listening to them intently, contemplated: 'Does anyone of them have any idea of art?' He felt pity for them. Just then



his daughters-in-law came into the room and saw the painting. One of them whispered, somewhat loudly: "Someone is trying to send us a secret message! Who can decipher it?" They went back to the kitchen. "You haven't earned a hundred rupees!" said Sudhakar, not so loudly so that the two young women would not take exception to his comment.

Next to come into the room were two of Sudhakar's servants to dust the furniture. They looked at the painting and then looked at each other. "What's this! It looks like a paper in which some pulses had been bought from the shop," one of them commented. "Don't be foolish!" the other servant responded. "If it's a wrapping paper, where are the folds? I don't find any!" he said, without making any other remark.

By then, one of Sudhakar's grand children came into the room, excitedly. "Where's the painting, grandpa?" he asked of Sudhakar, who then showed it to him. The boy stared at the picture for a few minutes and said: "It sure looks like some animal, but which one?"

Sudhakar smiled "My boy, you're the only one who could recognise the painting as that of an animal, though you didn't say it's that of a lion. But you certainly deserve the prize." He then handed a hundred rupee note to his grandson.

The boy's shouts of joy brought everybody back into the drawing room. "Ah! That's the picture of a lion!" said Sudhakar proudly. Everybody laughed.

His wife came forward and said: "So, it was drawn by you? No wonder, it looks like the work of someone with a disturbed mind!"





The Wishful Sculptor

aghubir was a sculptor in a small town in Himachal Pradesh. Although he was a fine sculptor and well known all over the country, he was not a happy man. He was always yearning for something or the other. "Oh Raghunathji, I wish I had more money!" he prayed every day.

His favourite deity, Lord Raghunath, obliged by giving him most of what he wanted, but Raghubir was never satisfied. It was always "O God, please make me this!" and "O God, please make me that!" Finally, the Lord grew exasperated and decided that Raghubir must be taught a lesson.

One day, a rich landlord came on a grand tour of the countryside. He happened to stop at Raghubir's village. As he peeped into the houses of some of the villagers, they welcomed him warmly. But our friend Raghubir thought that a rich and talented man like him should not bow before another man. So when the



landlord smilingly approached him, he turned away with an insulting comment. The landlord was miffed. He set his bodyguards on Raghubir and the poor fellow got the drubbing of his life.

"O Raghunathji!" he groaned, writhing in pain. "If only I had been a big landlord, I wouldn't have been in this position today!"

The Lord heard him and shook his divine head sadly. 'It's time this man learnt to be satisfied with himself!' So He decided to grant him whatever he asked for. He made Raghubir a rich landlord almost overnight. On a hot summer's day, as Raghubir the landlord walked down the village market, a cool cloud suddenly floated across the face of the blazing sun. The glare and heat vanished almost like magic. Raghubir was intrigued. "How wonderfully effective the cloud is. It can even snuff out the heat of the cruel sun! How I wish I were a cloud!" Ooh! What was this? In a trice, Raghubir had changed into a cloud and was floating along in the sky.

As he wafted along, a strong breeze blew in from the west and the cloud was tossed this way and that. "How I wish I were a strong wind

and not a weak cloud like this!" prayed Raghubir desperately.

Lo..... the cloud became a strong westerly wind! It whooshed and it shooshed and it blew down trees and rooftops at will. It raised dust storms and lifted turbans off the heads of the villagers out on the streets. 00000...h, hooted the wind in glee.

But very soon... bang..dong! Tch, tch, this is hurting! When he stopped seeing stars, Raghubir the west wind took stock of his surroundings. So it was this big mountain that he had banged against. The mountain became an obstacle in his way.

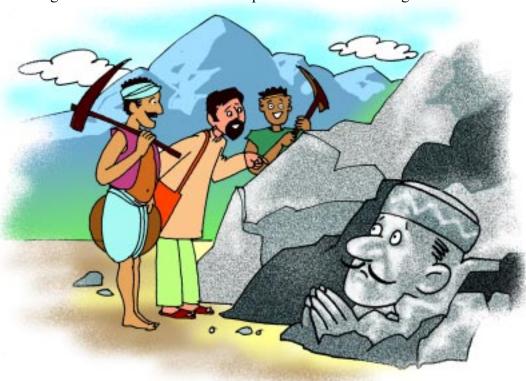
He sighed. "O God, if I were only a big rock in a mountain that can stop

dizzy winds, how happy I would be!" Then God made him a rock immediately.

There he stood, proud of his strength, and stopped all flighty winds and breezes that blew his way. Until one fine day when a group of young sculptors came that way.

"Let's take big solid pieces of rock for carving," said one of them. They went about choosing rocks for themselves. Raghubir the rock heard them. 'Oh! If only I were a sculptor who can carve out of even rocks!'

And back once again Raghubir became a sculptor! But he had learnt his lesson: 'It's wonderful to be a sculptor again! Why should I always want to be something that I am not?'



The noose that rejected the convict

It was a cold and drowsy winter night of 1863. The people of Sydney had already fallen into a deep slumber. All of a sudden, a noisy scuffle in front of a leading bank broke the restful silence. The security guard was confronting three robbers who were running away with their booty of gold and silver coins. Alas, before any help could reach him, the unfortunate sentry

was overpowered and killed, and the thieves made good their escape.

The next morning, the Australian police began combing the entire region. Finally, they arrested one Joseph Samuels. Some of the stolen gold and silver coins were found in his pocket. He was charged

with the murder of the guard and was sent to prison.

Some days later, he was produced before the judge of the criminal court. By then, Joseph Samuels had become a gentler and subdued man. Under pressure from the police, he confessed to his guilt. He was sentenced to be hanged.

Meanwhile, the police succeeded in rounding up a man called Isaac Simmonds, an accomplice of Joseph Samuels. However hard the police tried to get a confession out of him, they failed in their efforts. So, it was decided to frighten him to make a confession. He would watch the

execution of his friend, Joseph Samuels.

Soon the day dawned when Joseph Samuels was to be hanged to death. A large crowd gathered and waited in pin-drop silence. The condemned man stood erect on the death-cart, fearless and calm. He delivered a short speech,

narrating the whole incident of the robbery in minute detail. He also explained how the unfortunate security guard happened to be killed. He concluded his unusual oration with

UNSOLVED

the statement: "The real murderer is standing before me!"

The spectators gave out a startled sigh and stared at Isaac Simmonds. They strongly voiced their protest why he should not be in the hangman's noose instead of Samuels. But it was too late to reverse the judgement. The police managed to hold back the excited crowd. The noose was securely fastened round the condemned man's neck. The hangman patted his horse and drove the death-cart. Samuels was left to dangle in the air and die.

To everyone's amazement, Joseph Samuels just dangled for some seconds and then fell flat on the ground. His face was calm and serene as ever.



Surprisingly, the rope had snapped! The executioner at once procured a new rope. The magistrate ordered the hanging for a second time.

Believe it or not, this time the rope literally began to unwind itself, strand by strand. Samuels once again fell to the ground without the noose suffocating him to death. The crowd became excited and restless. "Free him! Can't you see that it is God's will that he should live!" they shouted.

Now to the utter bewilderment of all present, Joseph Samuels was being hanged for a third time. The sturdiest rope available was brought for the purpose. Lo and behold, for the third

time, too, he fell to the ground, the rope having broken just above his head!

This extraordinary occurrence was reported to the Governor. He ordered a reprieve. Joseph Samuels was a free man. Later the trial was reopened and Isaac Simmonds was found to be the real murderer.

The ropes that were used to hang Joseph Samuels were thoroughly examined. There was no sign of the ropes having been tampered with by anyone. Yet the rope, with all its strands intact, gave way thrice under the weight of Joseph Samuels.

How and why? We do not know! It remains a mystery to this day!

July 2001



July 11 is observed as World Population Day. Recently, in February, the 14th Census operation took place in the country. How much of general information on the population of India do you know?

- 1. When was the first scientific 'counting of heads' done?
- 2. What is the percentage of children (up to 14 years) in the country's population?
- 3. Which state has the smallest population?
- 4. Which age group accounts for the highest percentage of the total population?
- 5. Which state has the largest tribal population?
- 6. What is the percentage of Christians in the country's total population?
- 7. The number of people in two religious groups has been increasing in the last three decades. Which are the two groups?
- 8. Which city has the largest population?
- 9. Which state has the largest number of towns?
- 10. Which state has the lowest density of population?
- 11. Which state has the highest ratio of urban population?
- 12. Which two states have given Urdu the status of the second official language?

(Answers next month)

Answers to June Quiz

- 1. Ganga.
- 2. Jhelum.
- 3. K 2.
- 4. Kanchen Junga.
- 5. 33 per cent.
- 6. Haryana.
- 7. 1873.
- 8. In Gujarat; a bird sanctuary.

- 9. 1774; Raniganj.
- 10. Fourth.
- 11. Mica.
- 12. Delhi.
- 13. Rajasthan.
- 14. Mahanadi.
- 15. In 1871.

July 2001 62 Chandamama



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST







Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other?

You may write it on a post card and mail it to:

Photo Caption Contest, CHANDAMAMA (at the address given below)

to reach us before the 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

Congratulations

The Prize for the May 2001 contest goes to:

Mrs. NIHARIKA NAG

C/o. Mr. Suresh Chandra Nag P.O. Dharamgarh Dt. Kalahandi (ORISSA) 766015





"Flowers for joy" "Merry with toys"

CHANDAMAMA ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Within India Rs. 120/- by surface mail

Payment in favour of CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED No. 82, Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097

Printed and Published by B. Viswanatha Reddi at B.N.K. Press Pvt. Ltd., Chennai - 600 026 on behalf of Chandamama India Limited, No. 82, Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097. Editor: Viswam



Unpredictable, like a thunderbolt

- Reader S. Sharmila of Sreekurmam, Andhra Pradesh, wants to know the meaning of the idiom 'a bolt from the blue'.
 - The word 'bolt' is an abbreviation of thunderbolt, while 'the blue' refers to the sky. Just as thunder cannot be predicted or anticipated, a completely unexpected event with an element of surprise is often described as a bolt from the blue.
- * 'Pardon me' is an expression most commonly used. What does it convey? asks Usha Sreedhar of Bangalore.
 - If during a conversation between two persons, one of them says 'Pardon me', it is a polite way of asking the other to repeat what he or she had just said. Sometimes the expression is "Beg (your) pardon". Where one cannot agree with the view expressed by another, he or she says "pardon me" to mean that he or she may be excused for holding a totally different view. A trace of vehemence can be given if you say "I beg your pardon".
- Who is a carpetbagger? asks Jyotiranjan Biswal of Durgapur.

 First, a carpet bag, made of soft material and used for travel, even when it is stuffed, will be of light weight. A carpetbagger is a person, especially a politician or a promoter, who takes up residence in a place with the sole aim of seeking special advantages for himself. He will make good use of the disturbed political or social conditions in that place, where people will, in the beginning, not give much importance to anyone arriving with just a travel bag without any indication of a long stay or residence.
- Reader Ramesh Chandra Patra of Rat Nilgiri, Orissa, wants to know about the use of 'a' and 'an' with words beginning with a vowel sound.

 Nouns beginning with the vowels a, e, i, and o start with a vowel sound and, therefore, the indefinite article 'an' will precede such words. Examples: an ant, an ear, an inquiry, an order. Nouns beginning with u can have two different vowel sounds, like in umbrella (an umbrella) and union (a union). The letter y is a consonant and all nouns beginning with y will be preceded by 'a', while in words ending with y, this consonant is given a vowel sound, like in merry.

July 2001 64 Chandamama

This came by e-mail from Asif Lakhani, Thane:
Your Summer Special was very good. The coverage of the country was amazing. I had not travelled north, but with Chandamama, I could literally travel the whole country. The description of the national parks was very good, but you have not shown the exact location of the parks.

From the Editor:
We shall plan a
separate feature on
the national parks
with greater details.

Boddeda Raja, an 8th Standard student of Anakapalle, Visakhapatnam, writes:

Your May issue was simply good. Particularly, I was very much impressed with The Great Indian Adventure. However, I missed details of the islands in the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea. They are also parts of the nation, aren't they?

The Editor's response:

Of course, the AndamanNicobar, and LaccadivesMinicoy groups of islands
are all parts of India.

Reader P.K. Sankaran, Mulund (West), Mumbai writes:

Mother's Day would have been appropriate for the May issue. The editorial on the Gujarat earthquake would have been topical in the February issue. An occasional feature on Medicine and Computer Technology would be welcome.

An open session of local readers, at least once a quarter, would elicit reader reaction.

From the Editor: By January 26, our February issue was on its way to our readers. The March issue did carry a write-up on the earthquake. The May editorial was prompted by the moving story of the Japanese children.

Reader Sisira (12),
Davangere, Karnataka,
says she is an ardent lover
of Chandamama and adds:
We are happy to read
Chandamama with
beautiful fairy tales.

Indu Chelliah, Charlottesville, USA, writes:
I really enjoy Chandamama.
It makes me feel like I am in India.

This came from Malathy
Mahadevan, Jayanagar,
Bangalore:
I used to read cu

I used to read Chandamama
40 years ago, and even now
it's glowing like the moon.

Reader Usha Sreedhar, Domlur, Bangalore, has this to say:
We were once regular subscribers.
Recently, I saw the April issue, and I was thrilled to buy one. I was very happy to read Towards Better English. It will really help us. It has maintained its standard. Please add more competitions in which both children and adults can take part.

Dr. Veerendra R. Patkar writes from

Kolhapur, Maharashtra:
My family has been reading Chandoba
(Marathi edition) for the last 30/35
(School (1978-81), Chandoba used to school (19

The Oscar Series

Journey to fascinating lands with Oscar in his wonderful balloon and meet all the interesting animals that live there.



Oscar the Balloonist and the Secrets of the Forest

Do ants freeze in winter? And do woodpeckers get headaches from all that knocking? Find out as Oscar discovers the secrets of the forest.



Oscar the Balloonist Discovers the Farm

Want to know why chickens eat stones and if pigs are really dirty?

Find out the answers with Oscar as he visits a farm.



Oscar the Balloonist Drops into the Countryside

Explore green meadows and sunny fields with Oscar in this exciting journey, where the Hedgehog tells his story and the Hare is up to his tricks.



Oscar the Balloonist Dives into the Lake Join Oscar in his latest adventure to learn about life in and around the lake. Know all about the frogs, ducks and fish that live in the lake.

Games for Fun

Amusement, challenges and heaps of fun, all to be found within these exciting CDs.



The Great Games Compendium

New versions of old favourites. Noughts and Crosses becomes TicTacWoof or play against Neptune in Battling Ships. Guaranteed fun for the whole family.



The Second Great Games

Compendium
Would you like to Get
The Girl? Or Shoot
The Stars? All this
and more of fun and
amusement for the
whole family. Come
and play!

Start your journey by getting hold of these award-winning Tivola Interactive Playstories, developed by Europe's largest multimedia publishers. Now yours at a special price of Rs 475 per CD-ROM! (Regular price: Rs 525 per CD-ROM). Hurry!

Address:	ly or					14.1		
Tel No.:					- 1	15/17		7-
E-mail:	Marile.	facilities of the	in the second			17		131
Bank:			steed.	1	43			5.
DD No.:	Amount:							

SCH_OLNET

Networked Learning TM

payable to Schoolnet India Limited, to: CD-ROM Offer, c/o Chandamama India Ltd, 16 Defence Officers' Colony, Ekkattuthangal, Chennal 600 097. Delivery within 15 days of receipt of DD.

Visit us at www.schoolnetindia.com for more adventures.

Schoolnet Kingdom



Are you a fan of Garuda, the masked hero with magical powers?

Enjoy the exciting exploits of Garudal



Don't miss the Garuda comics in Chandamama anymore! Subscribe to Chandamama today!

Chandamama Annual Subscription within India Rs. 120/Send your remittances by DD or MO favouring CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED, to
No. 82, Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.
E-mail: subscription@chandamama.org

